THE ENGLISH PATRIOT.

Behold the Man, inspir'd with Godlike zeal,
Who nobly lives but for his country's good,
Whose first best wishes are for Britains weal,
Which gladly he would purchace with his Blood.

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Wilkes's Jeſt Book;

OR THE

MERRY PATRIOT.

BEING A

Collection of all the Choiceſt BONS-MOTS, PUNS, EPIGRAMS, DROLLERIES, SONGS, and other WITTICISMS, ſaid or written from the Year 1764, to the preſent Time,

Reſpecting JOHN WILKES, Eſq; and the EVER MEMORABLE No. 45.

Together with

Many Valuable Original Pieces, Written on purpoſe for this Work, and never before publiſhed.

While you read our Patriot's Page,
Scorn the TORY's Idle Rage;
And with Loyal WHIGS combine
To read, and ſmile at ev'ry Line.

Sons of Freedom laugh away;
Honeſt Hearts are always Gay.

LONDON:

Printed for T. EVANS in Pater-noſter Row; and ſold by all the Bookſellers, in England, Ireland, and America. 1770.

Reprinted in Dublin, and ſold by the Bookſellers.

1834

TO

THE SONS OF GOOD HUMOUR,

AND

THE FRIENDS OF OLD ENGLAND,

THIS

JEST BOOK,

WHICH WAS COMPILED FOR THEIR

AMUSEMENT,

IS

MOST HUMBLY

INSCRIBED.

1770.

This day was Publiſhed
Price 1s. 1d.

The UNIVERSAL JESTER; or the Conſtellation of Living Genius's, containing all the Good Things, Lively Stories, Sprightly Rapartees, ſmart Obſervations, Ingenious Flights, and Brilliant Ebullitions of all the Wits, Male and Female of the preſent Age.

Ornamented with the Heads of GARRICK, FOOT, WILKES, and SHUTER.

Wilkes's Jests.

MR. WILKES (an anceſtor of our great Patriot) lived ſome years ſince at High-gate, whoſe only daughter having diſobliged him in her marriage, he ſwore that ſhe ſhould never have any thing from him ſo long as he had a head upon his ſhoulders. However, being afterwards reconciled, at his death, he left her a fortune of 10000l. and at the ſame time, by his will, ordered, that before he was interred, his head ſhould be ſevered from his body, obliging his ſon to ſee the ſame executed under the penalty of forfeiting his eſtate; and if he did not perform this order, was to go into a different family.

Accordingly the father being dead, before he was put into the coffin, the operation was performed by Mr. Cook, an eminent ſurgeon of High-gate, at the houſe now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Morgan, bricklayer, at the above place, in the preſence of his ſon; by which means the father ſaved his word, and the daughter her fortune.

During Mr. Wilkes's reſidence in France he is ſaid to have announced Mr. Churchill's death to a great genius here in the following laconic epiſtle; Dear Bob,—damn'd hard times!—

Churchill is dead ;—Lloyd in the Fleet,---and Wilkes a little better than a transport for life ---damn'd hard times indeed !---

In the year 1766, one Mr. Chilcott, organist of the parish of St. John in Cardiff, Glamorganshire, taught a set of substantial tradesmen and their sons to the number of 45, to sing anthems and psalm tunes; in 45 days they learned 45 tunes: and for the trouble Mr. Chilcott had taken, they made him a present of a piece of plate worth 45l. One of the above tradesmen was named John Wilkes, whose Book was numbered 45.

At the anniversary meeting of elder brethren of Trinity-house, at Deptford, in the year 1765, where in the absence of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Sandwich appeared as President, the number of gentlemen who dined were exactly 45, upon which a gentleman present exclaimed, " The pious L--d Sandwich to help out the joke of 45 — ha! ha! ha! '

In the month of July in the year 1765, was brought home to the house of Heaton Wilks, Esq; [the Brother of our oppressed patriot] in St. John's square, Clarkenwell, the great copper bought at the sale of the old brewhouse belonging to Mr. Dickenson, in Chick-lane, Smithfield, in lot 45. its weight was 7500lb. on one side was wrote, " Wilkes

and

and Liberty for ever." and on the other, No. 45. It was drawn by ſeven horſes, and in its way home, the dimenſions being ſo large, the drivers were obliged to cut down pent-houſes and pull up poſts, in order to make way for ſo unwieldy a machine.

On the anniverſary of Mr. Wilkes's Birth-day, ſince his commitment to the King's Bench Priſon, a number of the Priſoners who had greatly benefited by the preſents made to that gentleman, had an elegant dinner on the occaſion, after which the following toaſt, among others, was drank in a bumper; "May the King's BENCH never want a Wilkes for it's Supporter."

A Scotchman inveighing bitterly againſt Mr. Wilkes, ſaid, his crimes were ſo heinous, that had He the power of inflicting a puniſhment, he ſhould be at a loſs to invent one ſufficiently ſevere:---Then, ſays a gentleman I'll tell you what you ſhould do---you ſhould ſend him to Scotland.

During the Summer Campaign in St. George's Fields, when the ſoldiers were ordered to fire, an Iriſhman delivered himſelf in the following terms: "Arrah, now, may it pleaſe your Jeſtaſsſhips, I would be always ready to fight for his Majeſty king George,

while I have a thimbleful of blood—but, by the holy brogues of St. Patrick, I would be drumm'd out of twenty Regiments, if I was in'em all at once, d'ye ſee, ſooner than commit murder on the carcaſhes of my native countrymen."

At a meeting of Iriſh gentlemen to celebrate the Birth-day of Mr. Wilkes, one of them drank "Deteſtation to the Memory of all Tyrants, from Henry the Eighth, to----ſuch as may reign hereafter."

In a mixed company at a Tavern in Fleet-Street, the diſcourſe turning on our popular patriot, a gentleman very wittily obſerved, that no perſon had benefited ſo much by that gentleman as Tavern keepers and Publicans; for whenever any proſperous event happend to him, their cuſtomers got merry---for JOY;---and whenever it has happened otherwiſe, they have got drunk---thro' VEXATION.

A humorous gentleman obſerved, ſhortly after Mr. Wilkes's commitment to the King's Bench, that in imitation of a plan offered to the public for Letting Out the Crown-lands for keeping up a breed of cattle, it ſhould ſeem that it was intended all the beſt apartments in our ſeveral priſons ſhould be Lotted Out for the purpoſe of keeping up a Breed of Patriots.

During

During the Poll at Brentford, when Serjeant Glynn was elected for Middlesex, a number of Dependants from Uxbridge came to vote for Sir W. B. Proctor, which a gentleman observed, and ran to a popular Clergyman to inform him that great numbers of people were polling for Sir W. "No matter (says the Parson) they have only tapped an Uxbridge Barrel---- 'twill be out in less than half an hour."

It was some time since said, that an Account of the proceedings in St. George's Fields on the glorious 10th of May, and at Brentford in December, was speedily to be printed on Fool's Cap, and bound in Calf, for the use of such Justices of Peace as are under ministerial Influence.

A country gentleman of large estate, who delights much in Gardening, observed, a very short time since, at a Coffee house at the Court End of the Town, that the M----y had long been employed in nothing but grubing up LIBERTY, and planting TAXES.

A Courtier observing to a patriotic Gentleman, that the only way to deprive Mr. Wilks of his popularity would be to grant him a free Pardon, "You are mistaken, Sir", (replied the other) the best method would "be to tack him to the present M----y, which

" would render him completely odious to eve-
" ry man in the kingdom."

A gentleman, who had paid a viſit to Mr. Wilkes, told a perſon in high office, that He was a gentleman of the moſt mild and polite Addreſs he ever had the pleaſure of converſing with. To which the Placeman replied, "Mr. " Wilkes may, for ought that I know, be ve- " ry mild and ſmooth in his private Addreſs, " but I am ſure his public Addreſſes are as " rough as a Bear's Arſe!"

A gentleman, at a Coffee-houſe at the Weſt end of the town, obſerving, that if Balfe and Macquirk were innocent of the murder of Mr. Clarke, (and he believed it would ſoon be made to appear they were ſo) it would be but common Juſtice to allow them a decent annuity, in recompence for their ſufferings---"True, ſays " another, but I think, for the Honour, " of this Country it ſhould be on the Iriſh Eſ- " tabliſhment."

The Huſtings at Brentford for Mr. Wilkes's firſt re-election was remarkably ſmall: Whilſt they were erecting, an Agent for Sir W. B. P. aſked the Carpenter if he was building a Pulpit for the Parſon: "No, Sir, replied the honeſt " Chip, I am making a Slaughter-houſe for " Sir William."

Upon

Upon the late Skirmiſh which happened at the King's Arms Tavern between the Addreſſers and the gentlemen who meet at the London Tavern, "Who would have thought "(ſays an humorous old gentleman) that "the King's Arms ſhould be turned againſt "London!

The Rev. Rector of a pariſh not far from the Palace lately preached a Sermon on the 45th verſe of the 119th Pſalm---I will walk at Liberty, for I keep thy Precepts

When Mr. Serjeant Glynn and Sir W. B. P. were Candidates for Middleſex, ſays a certain Lady of diſtinction, no leſs remarkable for Wit than Beauty, "As a new Map of London and "Weſtminſter is ſaid to be much wanted, I "would recommend the publication of it to "the Candidates for the County of Middleſex "as thoſe Gentlemen are the only perſons "who can do it from actual Survey."

Since Mr. Wilkes's commitment to the King's Bench Priſon, Mr. Golling, an eminent ſhoe maker, preſented him with a moſt elegant Pair of Shoes, at the ſame time telling him, "He would have alſo brought him a pair of "Boots---but that he thought he had been "BOOTED enough already."

A ſhort time ſince, a Reverend Divine preached a Sermon on the following text, from Geneſis xviii. 28. And he ſaid, if I find there forty and five, I will not deſtroy it.

A man at a public houſe near Fleet-Market being remarkably abuſive of Mr. Wilkes, was obſerved to ſwear a prodigious number of oaths; on which a gentleman marked them down till they mounted to 45; "And now, my "friend, ſays he, I will make you pay for "abuſing the Great Patriot.

Some time ſince, juſt as a certain patroitic preacher had finiſhed his Sermon, one of the audience cried out aloud ",Amen to every "word on't---Wilkes and Liberty for ever!"

Mr. Wilkes when a very young man was Candidate for the Town of Berwick upon Tweed, and not being returned, preferred a Petition to the Houſe of Commons. Mr. Campbell accepted a retaining Fee of fiſty guineas in this Cauſe. Juſt before it was to come on in the Houſe, Mr. Campbell ſent word that he could not plead. Mr Wilkes waited on him, expoſtulated, remonſtrated,---in vain----Mr. Campbell could not plead; nor could he return the money; but told Mr.

Wilkes the Law was open, to which Recourſe might be had.

" No Sir, replied Mr. Wilkes, I was weak enough to give you a Fee ; but I am not ſuch a Fool as to go to Law with you : For I perceive my whole Fortune may be waſted in retaining fees alone, before I ſhall be able to find one that can plead for me. I have brought my Advocate with me ; therefore, draw ; for before I quit this room, I will have my money or ſatisfaction." Mr. Wilkes had his money, inſtead of the faithful and able Advocate, which he wanted, and which he would have found, had Mr. Campbell been Diſintereſted.

It has been ſaid that in the neighbourhood of St. James's, Mr. Wilkes's enemies are 45 to 15 ; in the City his Advocates are 45 to 15 ;-- and in Wapping his ſtaunch Friends are 45 to none at all.

A gentleman having diſcovered that the number of days of Mr. Wilkes s impriſonment was of the laſt mentioned in the Revelations, obſerved, it was a fair ſufferance that Mr. W. was the beaſt prophesied of, who had ſo long Puzzled the Learned.

An

An honeſt Hibernian, having bought a flitch of bacon, hung it up in his tap room, and wrote on it "Wilkes and Liberty for ever!" Two Scotch taylors came in. and ſeeing Wilkes and Liberty wrote on the Bacon, took a knife, cut two very handſome ſlices off, and ordered them to be dreſſed, aſking the Landlord and others to eat with them. The Landlord declared it was the beſt bacon he had ever eat in his life, and aſked them where they bought it. They ſaid they cut it off his flitch, as they ſaw Wilkes and Liberty wrote on it; upon which the honeſt Hibernian immediately rubbed it out, and wrote Wilkes for ever! but no more Liberty.

Shortly after Mr. Wilks's firſt election for Middleſex, a noble Lord ſent a card to a gentleman (who formerly was a ſchool-fellow) requeſting his company on a certain day at his lordſhip's houſe: When the gentleman arrived, after diſcourſing on the common topics of the day, his Lordſhip began to enter on the occaſion of his Meſſage: "I am, "ſays he, informed that you got Mr. "Wilkes ſixty one votes at his late Election "at Brentford, but hope for my ſake, it is "not true, as I ſhould be very ſorry to hear "that any of my friends voted for a perſon "of Mr. Wilkes's Principles." The gentleman, after thanking his Lordſhip for his candid

candid opinion, replied, "It is not true on "my Honour,---I did not get Mr. Wilkes "ſixty-one Votes; but I do aſſure your "Lordſhip, I and my friends made juſt one "hundred and twenty one ſingle votes for "Mr. Wilkes; and, as I am independant, on "any future occaſion will get two hundred, "without one Shilling expence to Mr. "Wilkes."

During the Campaign in St. George's Fields, an old woman aſked a Scotch Soldier if he was at the battle of Culloden----',Yes," replied he, "I was"----"And was it there" cried the Woman, "you learnt to fire at "your Countrymen?"

Shortly after the confirmation of Mr. Wilkes's verdicts, the following Stave was ſung before the Sermon at a certain Church at the Weſt End of the Town.

Pſalm. cxix. v. 8, 12. New Verſion.

My Soul with long Expectance faints
To ſee thy ſaving Grace:
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
My Confidence I place.

My very Eyes conſume and fail
With waiting for thy Word;

O when wilt thou thy kind Relief
And pomiſed Aid afford ?

And the following after the Sermon.

Pſalm. lviii. v. 1, 2.

Speak, O ye Judges of the Earth,
If juſt your Sentence be,
Or muſt not Innocence appeal
To Heav'n for your Decree ?

Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
Alike by Malice ſway'd ;
Your griping Hands by weighty Bribes
To Violence betray'd.

The following Anecdote may not at the preſent juncture be unacceptable :----The honeſt old C--- of N---, from the following declaration which he made t'other day, ſeems to have a very different idea of a Mob from that which is entertained by ſome of our preſent mighty men :---" I love a Mob (ſays " he). I headed a Mob once myſelf. We " owe the Hanover Succeſſion to a Mob It is remarkable, that thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo much lately againſt the Mob, are the deſcendants of thoſe very perſons who diſtinguiſhed themſelves as much formerly againſt the Hanover Succeſſion.

It

It is the remark of a Man of Wit, That of late real patriots, like true lovers of Liberty, are to be found only in a Priſon.

In a tea table Converſation at the Weſt End of the Town, a married Lady took the liberty ſtrenuouſly to recommend an abſent Gentleman to a young Lady as a Huſband, ſhe praiſed him greatly, and ſaid, that as to his perſon, nothing could be found fault with except a Caſt in one of his Eyes. "O! ſaid the Lady, that's the Emblem of Liberty and therefore the higheſt Recommendation he can poſſibly have."

A celebrated Writer ſaying to a friend he wanted a ſubject for a Tragedy; then ſays the Gentleman, I'll give you one---the late affair in St. George's Fields---you may call it the Maſſacre---the incidents are truly affecting. and want no heightening to make them correſpond with the ſevereſt laws of the Drama.

An honeſt country Curate reading the public Litany introduced the following ſhort prayer for Mr. Wilkes.---"To ſhew thy Pity upon all Priſoners and Captives, particularly the patriotic John Wilkes, Eſq."

Two perſons quarrelling about Mr. Wilkes at a public houſe near Ludgate Hill---"Sir,

 cried

cried one, if you take theſe liberties of ſpeech, I'll make you repent it!"---" I believe ſaid the other, there's no Act of Parliament againſt thinking?"---"No."---" Why then do I think you are a d——'d ſcoundrel."

Shortly after the Riot at Brentford, it was ſaid that Agents were employed to buy up all the Bludgeons uſed on that occaſion, in order to ſend them to Corſica, as it was imagined they might be uſed with more propriety againſt French Invaders than Engliſh Freeholders.

A Gentleman ſpeaking of the above Riot, ſaid, he could not conceive how the Freedom of Election had been violated, or with what propriety it could be ſaid to had been controuled, when every raſcal had been ſo free as to knock down and murder whom he pleaſed, and had rioted in Blood in the moſt uncontroulable manner.

During the late conteſt for the vacant office of alderman a gentleman obſerved, that as one Nobleman had conquered America in Germany, another was endeavouring to conquer London in Farringdon: " True, replied another, but " the Inhabitants of this Ward are Engliſh- " men, and will be conquered---no where."

A Gentleman on having one of Mr. Wilkes's papers put into his hand, pleaſantly obſerved

obſerved, "I don't know how my friend Wilkes may ſtand in Caſh; but it is certain there is not a man in the Kingdom who has ſo many Bills in Circulation."

A Gentleman at a Coffee Houſe in Fleet-Street, on the evening of the Riot at Brentford, was ſaying he thought Serjeant Glynn's friends would not ſtand the poll out. "How "the devil ſhould they, ſays another, when "they are knocked down by hundreds?"

A gentleman remarking on the number of Times Mr. Wilkes had been elected; a perſon in office told him, that it was the intention of the Miniſtry ſo far to come into the humour of the People as to give the Freeholders of Middleſex an opportunity of electing him juſt 45 times.

Among the Number of Anecdotes already publiſhed on the ever memorable Number 45, the 45th article of Magna Charta, one of the ſtrongeſt in that ancient and moſt excellent Bulwark of Engliſh Liberty, for the Security of the Perſons and properties of the Subjects, is not the leaſt remarkable:

"No Freeman ſhall be taken or impriſon-"ed, outlawed or baniſhed, or any way deſ-"troyed, nor will we paſs upon him, or ſend

" upon him unleſs by the legal Judgment of " his Peers, or by the Law of the Land."

It is remarkable, that the Song begining " 'Tis Liberty alone that gives freſh beauty to the Sun," compoſed by the celebrated Handel, contains juſt 45 Bars.

A ſhort time ſince, the Clerk of a certain Pariſh in Berkſhire, who is a ſtaunch Patriot, had his Head ſo full of the cauſe, that in giving out the Pſalm, he exclaimed, "Let us ſing to the Praiſe and Glory of Wilkes and Liberty; the firſt Verſes of the 45th Pſalm."

In a diſpue reſpecting Mr. Wilkes a gentleman aſſerted with great ſeeming warmth, that he was the greateſt Drunkard in England: " A Drunkard! (cried another) I'm aſtoniſh- " ed"----"Yes, Sir,--he is intoxicated with his ſucceſs"--"O, Sir, your pardon,--if that be your meaning, may he never be ſober again.

An antient Farmer, who came to Town lately on ſome Buſineſs relative to the Cumberland Election, called on Mr. Wilkes, and told him, that though he was a Stranger to him, he could not forbear waiting on him, to expreſs his regard for his patriotic Spirit, and begged of him as a ſmall Teſtimony of his Gratitude, that he would accept of 10l, which he brought up with him, but this Mr. Wilkes politely refuſed; and the farmer reluctantly carried

carried it away with him; declaring at the ſame Time, that he would conſider him handſomely in his Will.

Among the ſeveral Gentlemen who paid their Compliments to Mr. Wilkes, during the Time he was at Guildford, young Mr. Webb (Son to the well known Philip Carteret Web of famous Memory) among other Queſtions, aſked Mr. Wilkes, Whether, if the Grand Jury ſhould throw out the Bill againſt Maclane the Cauſe would be tried on the Coroner's Inqueſt? To which Mr. Wilkes replied, He was but an indifferent Lawyer; and inſtantly aſked Mr. Webb if he had been cutting his Wheat yet? Ibid.

To Mr. WILKES;

BE cautious Wilkes, and bear with ſteady Head
Thoſe blooming Honours that around thee ſpread;
Honours ſuperior far to Stars and Strings,
The Judge's Ermine, or the State of Kings!
Now let each proud impetious Thought ſubſide,
And glide with eaſy Sail along the ſwelling Tide;
Nor thruſt too much to popular Applauſe,

The Breath may blaſt thee that ſupports thy
Cauſe.
Oft will the Multitude of this Mad Town
Set up an Idol juſt to throw it down :
How ſhall we judge from them what's fit or
right,
Men bought with gold or influenced by Spite:
Tho' daring Miniſters may break their Truſt,
Yet know thy Sovereign cannot be unjuſt ;
Of him, auſpicious Prince, each Muſe ſhall
ſing ;
For him each Virtue tune the trembling String;
Strew Flow'rs for him, and plant the Thorns
for thoſe
Whom Luſt or Lucre mark the Nation's Foes

STANZAS.

I.

WHEN black Oppreſſion rear'd it's Head,
And Britains ſhrunk---to Glory dead,
Say, whence aroſe the Cauſe ?---
'Twas Want of Knowledge made them fear;
They felt not Freedom claim'd their Care,
Nor ſaw the Force of Laws.

II.

At length the Patriot WILKES aroſe,
The Wounds of Liberty to cloſe,
And ev'ry Virtue ſhield :
By him inſtructed--with the Sage
Peaſants turn o'er the letter'd Page,
And read their Rights reveal'd !

Mark

III.

Mark how their Eyes Deſtruction low'r---
Reſolv'd againſt the Tools of Pow'r
To make a noble Stand!
Each man his own importance feels,
'Gainſt fear his generous boſom ſteels,--
And patriots throng the land!

On the Birth day of JOHN WILKES, Eſq; by a young Lady.

NATURE, with all her toil (expert and ſage,)
Scarce forms a finiſh'd patriot in an age:
The pſeudo patriots flouriſh for a day;
Court favour melts their waxen wings away.
But when Wilkes ruſh'd into this ſcene of life,
Nature cried, This is he.--Let helliſh ſtrife--
Fierce oppoſition---perſecution rage -
And the ſon's*murder kill the father's age:
'Tis all in vain- for, by heaven's high decree,
Wilkes is appointed to keep England free.

*Alluding to the murder of Mr. Allen the younger in St. George's Fields.

IMPROMTU on Mr. WILKES'S BIRTH-DAY

The foes of Wilkes affirm with ſcorn,
A greater rake was never born:
"True, ſay his friends, but now 'tis plain
"He's a new man, and born again.

An

An EXTEMPORE.

Written on Mr. Wilkes's Birth night, at a ſelect ſociety of 45, under a print of JOHN WILKES, Eſq; member for the county of Middleſex.

BEHOLD the man, whoſe great, intrepid ſoul
No miniſterial tyrants could controul!
To freedom firm, he all their arts withſtood,
His Primum Mobile his country's good.
Let us like patriots, keep the flame alive,
Nor fear to ſay our number's Forty five;
Like ſons of glorious Liberty unite,
And crown with ſocial Joy his birth-day night!

EPISTLE to JOHN WILEKS, Eſq; in Confinement.

WHILE ev'ry truly Engliſh breaſt
Swells, with regret and rage poſſeſs'd
And mourns, O Wilkes, thy doom!
I rather joy, who hope to view
They ſteady ſoul her plan purſue,
And equal ancient Rome.

See —— impotent of ſoul,
In pale and ſilent malice ſcowl,
And yield to ------ the blow!
Vain all their rage! thy noble heart,
Invulnerable ſcorns the dart,
Nor heeds the feeble foe.

Thus

Thus, faithful to his country's good,
Unmov'd the menac'd Roman ſtood
At all the Punic rage;
Bravely he met the death he dar'd,
Nor fear'd the cruel pains prepar'd,
Their malice to aſſuage.

Nor leſs the malice of thy foes
I deem, O man of many woes;
And much enduring mind!
Nor leſs ſhall be thy fame; I ſee
They reſcu'd country ſmile on thee,
And glory gleam behind.

But ſhould a venal ſenate fear
To check oppreſſion's proud career,
Nor vindicate thy wrong,
Let hope, with conſcience to attend,
Be thy inſeparable friend.
And ſpeed the hours along.

Then let no penſive thought be thine,
Nor let thy patriot heart repine,
But be thoſe things thy ſport;
For know--that time ſhall ſet thee free
Unthank'd relentleſs m----y,
Unthank'd a thoughtleſs court.
Oxford, June 30.

Written

Written under a print of John Wilkes, Esq.

O Ye who dare assert the sacred rights
Of men freeborn : Ye who with fearless soul
Dare to stand forth in liberty's defence
(Which ages since our ancestors preserv'd
From the encroachments of despotic sway)
Ye who dare brave oppression's lifted arm,
Mock at its haughty threats, and on itself
Hurl back that vengeance is design'd for you:
Ye who with rev'rence mention Hampden's name:
Ye who with horror think on Sidney's fate
Behold this man !---and while with joy ye look,
Join in this wish :----"May ev'ry Briton hence
Be found like him to Liberty a friend!"

The LION in the TOILS.

By Mr. KENRICK

Ex ugu e leonem

COMMITTED, by the hand of power,
To close confinement in the Tower,
Where many a dangerous beast we know
Is lodg'd for royal raree-show ;
A lion in a leopard's skin,
His spots without, his heart within,
Held forth to privilege his Paw,
And claim'd protection of the law.

Alarm'd!

Alarm'd ! the foreſt ſtare awhile!
The Aſſes bray! the Foxes ſmile!
And tigers tam'd, untry'd condemn
Their brother brute, too wild for them.
The ſages of the law conſult
The nature of his Crimes occult,
While, weavering 'twixt the wrong and right,
They let him looſe and hope his flight;
'Till baſely hurt in bloody fray
To diſtant Lands he's lur'd away.

Let juſtice bring him now to ſhame;
The abſent ever are to blame.
Accus'd he ſtands of horrid crimes,
Strange to thoſe loyal pious times!
Againſt his king a Biſhop nods---
Nay, more, he ſcratch'd againſt the gods.
Behold the impious traitor's claw,
Known, and obnoxious to the law.

The lion heard, and with diſdain,
Returning to his native plain,
Demands the records juſt and true,
The fine and puniſhment his due,
Appall'd deluded juſtice ſtands,
Her balance trembling in her hands,
Nor holds uprais'd the avenging blade
Without the rancorous lynx's aid.

Again the ſnare of power is ſpread,
Incloſing his devoted head;

Again

Again is urg'd the ſhame and ſin
Of ſpots upon a leopard's ſkin;
When lo! he caſts his wanton ſpoils,
And proves a lion in the toils.

A Card to John Wilkes Eſq; on hearing the rampant exultation of a club of Scotchmen on his receiving ſentence laſt June.

SUCH are the honours thy lov'd country pays,
So patriots ſuffer, when curſt faction ſways;
So villains triumph hackney'd to deſtroy,
And laugh, like Nero, at the flames of troy.
Yet thou ſhalt riſe in guiltleſs glory bright,
And future annals ſhall thy worth requite;
Tell how thou ſtood'ſt with liberty faſt bound
And kept her ſmoaking bulwarks from the ground;
Her ſacred rights not once thou didſt decline,
Lurk in the trench, or ſkulk behind the line;
But bravely in her cauſe didſt iſſue forth,
Againſt the harneſs'd millions of the north.
Go on, great patriot, freedom's cauſe maintain,
Nor let oppreſſion ſoil great G- --'s reign:
His people from corruption's tempeſt ſave,
And laſh indignant every menial ſlave;
Make ſtates and ſenates to confeſs this fact,
"Who think like Romans, ſhould like Romans act;"

Then

Then in each Briton's breaſt thoul't ſtand
approv'd,
Not Cæſar e'er by Rome ſo much belov'd.

An IMPROMTPU.

To Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, bart. member of parliament for the borough of Southwark, on his preſenting the petition of Mr. WILKES, to his Majeſty.

MAWBEY the muſe's glory and her pride
How great to take the injur'd patriot's
ſide!
Congenial ſouls ſhall catch the flame from
thee,
And ſenates glow for WILKES and LIBERTY!

To Mr. Wilkes, by a LADY.

TO thee, great Wilkes! a tribute due I
bring,
Due to thoſe glorious actions which I ſing;
Thoſe glorious actions thro' each future age
Will animate the youth and warm the frozen
ſage:
Emulate Wilkes, will then be all their cry,
While Rome's great patriots in oblivion lie.
O! if thy generous labours ſhould be crown'd
With that ſucceſs thy cauſe ſo oft has found,
Thy friends triumphing will thy glories ſing,
And Albion ſhouting deathleſs laurels bring,

To eternize his fame, who nobly rose,
To save his sinking country from her foes;
Who three whole years condemned abroad to roam,
Expell'd his much lov'd country and his home.
The tide of pow'r he boldly long withstood,
His steady soul nor bribes nor threats subdu'd,
Ev'n now he labours for his country's good.
What tho' immur'd within a Prison's walls,
His heart and pen obey when freedom calls;
For still the elevating glorious cause,
His ev'ry faculty and thought employs:
Tho' poor, malignant envy still will scan
The imperfections of so great a man!
With unabating fury still engage,
To blot a character above their rage:
Present each youthful failing to our view,
Nay, charge him too with crimes he never knew
Oppreſt with enemies he shines more bright,
As stars conspicuous in the darkest night.
Should adverse winds too strong his pow'rs repel,
Ev'n Latia, with a falling empire fell;
Lament not then, O Wilkes! if victory's lost,
A lasting glory thy great name shall boast.

On Mr. WILKES.

HIS steadfast purpose terror cannot shake,
Nor his unconquerable spirit break:

So

So Regulus to Carthage once return'd,
And, fir'd with patriot zeal, their torments
ſpurn'd!
Wilkes truſts to freedom's vot'ries, Freedom's
cauſe,
And cannot ſuffer but with England's laws:
From court to court thro' various perils toſt,--
While juries yet remain--all is not loſt;
For proud prerogative at laſt may ſee,
Britons, tho' loyal, will continue free.

A RIDDLE upon MALICE.

MY friends, in theſe ſuſpicious times,
'Tis ſaid, the world's afraid of rhymes;
But you may ſwear it on the bible,
This is a riddle---not a libel:
Each knows the character, and trembles!
Hear how her ſpeech the fiend reſembles.---
"I ſtudy knaves and fools to ſerve,
"And bid the man of genius ſtarve;
"I wreſt the truncheon from this hand,
"And give that novice the command:
"I take another man's eſtate,
"And make his adverſary great.
"When children flout what parents carve
them,
"I think it is but juſt to ſtarve them;
"And when your patriots write or prate,
"I ſend them to look thro' a great---
"Ha! who are theſe dare peep abroad?

" Fire, my geud lads; acroſs that road!
" I'll ſpoil youre gaping at thoſe fellows,
" With Boot and Petticoat and Gallows;
" He that looks on, the cauſe eſpouſes--
" So kill them in their very houſes!
" Tho' to be ſeen in't I'm afraid,
" It is by me this havock's made:
" With ſnakes all hiſſing round my head,
" A fury by the furies bred,
" I rake the carcaſs of the dead,
" And ſnuff the ſtenches which it yields,
" Left on the dunghills in the fields.
" I've rav'ns beak, and rav'ns wings
" Am black as hell in other things,--
" And dreadful near the ear of kings!
" Such kings as claim deſpotic pow'r
" To ſlay you twenty men an hour;
" Whoſe Judges cough--and go no further,
" When an indictment's brought for murther.

POSTCRIPT.

Without a comment, or a ſtricture,
Now is not this a ſtriking picture?
But where's the likeneſs?--that, no doubt,
Some conſtant reader will make out:
But warn him--(or his fate a goal is)
To ſay " That all that's meant is *Mailice."

* A Scotch way of pronouncing Mallice.

Epigram

PIGRAM.

To the ſpirited inhabitants of the Ward of FARRINGDON WITHOUT.

"WITHOUT! but without what?" the queſtion goes--
Without a guardian, ere a WILKES you choſe.
But henceforth--while you boaſt the truſty 'ſquire,
--'Tis Farringdon With-all you can deſire.

MURPHY and the BLUDGEON.

An EPIGRAM.

SAYS Murphy---- "Tho' a mean Curmudgeon,
"Since B---ch--h's honour pays me well,
"Let me but graſp thee, little Bludgeon,
"I'll ſend each freeholder to hell!"

"Why ſhould I hurt my friends?" cries Bludgeon,
"I'll firſt be ſplit, or burnt, or broke;
"For know, the freeholders, ye Gudgeon,
"Like me, are Britiſh Heart of Oak!"

EXTEMPORE.

"On the report that the Rev. Mr. H--- had a view to a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons.

AND is it true? and can it be?
Does freedom ſo inflame him?
Exalt the Horne of liberty,---
No miniſter ſhall tame him!

Grant heav'n, we ſee it prove no jeſt,
But find ere next November,
The man who makes a patriot prieſt,
Become a righteous member!

The HEROES of BRENTFORD.

An EPIGRAM.

IN James's days, when freedom ſunk,
A pray to lawleſs Power,
Court minions (got by far too drunk)
Sent biſhops to the tower.

But ſee, in theſe more happy times,
How modern heroes fail;
Old Tyburn ſhall reward theire crimes,
And fill up Surgeons-hall

The CAMPAIGN.

FIAT Juſtitia, Ruat Cœlum,
We'll maul the rogues if we can feel 'em:
Juſtitia Fiat, Cœlum Ruat,
Be ſure the gun you level true at,
Cœlum, Juſtitia, Ruat, Fiat,
And ſhoot the man I cock my eye at;
Juſtitia Fiat, Ruat Cœlum,
Obey the words of juſtice---,
And if the raſcals hollow,—kill 'em.

SCENE HAMMERSMITH.

PATRICK O'SHANE and FERGUS MACDONALD.

Patrick.

ARRAH, dear Fergus, not ſo faſt!
What, bound for Brentford, honey?
Why P---will be firſt---at laſt---
Becauſe, d'ye ſee, the money,

Fergus.

De'el o'my ſaul gin they gi'me
A ſingle bawbee, Patrick;
But damn that Glynn and Libertee,
Gin I dunna ſhew 'em a trick!

The loon has braw'd awa for Wilkes,
(The muckle fae o'Scotland)
So wull I mak to aw the Ilks,
And Brentford be a hot land!

Pa

Patrick.

The devil burn your country now!
Your ways I,m after loathing,
For Paddy knows no method how
To be a rogue---for nothing.

EXTEMPORE,

On the meaning of the words Beau and Champ.

I.

ASK a Frenchman the meaning of Champ--- it is Field,
And Beau, he will tell you, is Fair;
Fair-field is the ſenſe that the compound doth yield:
---Lord at this how a Briton would ſtare!

II.

He would tell you that Beau-Champ meant Bludgeon and Blood,
And Iriſh Banditti and P----;
That in Brentford's archieves it is ſo underſtood,
By the Hangman, and Death, and the Doctor *,

The following is a Liſt of Errors which have of late crept into the public Prints, &c.

1 For Freedom of Election, read Bludgeon.
2 For Felo-de-ſe, read died of his Wounds.
3 For Juries, read Surgeons

* H------E.

4 For

4 For Seſſions Houſe read Surgeon's Hall.
5 For Merchants of London, read Miniſterial Hirelings.
6 For Alacrity, read Maſſacre.
7 For Conſtable, read Chairmen.
8 For Redreſs, read Addreſs.
9 For Bill of Rights, read Bill of Wrongs.

FARRINGDON ELECTION.

A Ballad.

To the tune of Chevy Chace.

I.

GOD proſper long our good Lord May'r,
And London's city too;
And grant that all who take the chair,
O Turner, act like you.

II.

Candid and gen'rous, firm and juſt,
A better ne'er was known,
Since Bernard's bones were laid in duſt,
Or Beckford's pow'r was ſhewn.

III.

Think not, O Janſſen, that thy name,
The Muſe can e'er forget;
Well pleas'd we recognize thy fame,
And pay the grateful debt.

IV.

IV.

But other matters now demand
Our more immediate care;
Where Wilkes for freedom makes a ſtand,
What Briton is not there?

V.

A doleful matter chanc'd of late;
---All on a winter's day,
The ſtroke of death, as urg'd by fate,
Turn'd Goſling's frame to clay.

VI.

Ah! woe is me ſo ſad a day
I never did behold:---
But truce to grief---for, ſooth to ſay,
My tale muſt ſoon be told.

VII.

Full plenteous did the hand-bills ſhow'r;
"For Wilkes we aſk your votes,
"Who ſav'd ye all from lawleſs pow'er,
"Your houſes---papers---throats."

VIII.

The rag'd a flame the ward throughout,
And parſons, printers, beaus,
With humble Chandlers join'd the rout;
---All in their Sunday cloaths.

IX.

Neglected were the ſhops and tills,
E'en wives were then forgot;
While each good man his liquor ſwills,
Rum---negus---purl---gin-hot.

X.

X.

For every liquor taſtes the ſame,
And every kind the beſt;
O crown it with a Patriot's name,
It cannot loſe its Zeſt.

XI.

All in the morn, with might and main,
The Deputy put up;
But quietly reſign'd again
E'er he ſat down to ſup.

XII.

But as the polling day advanc'd,
Another wight was found,
Who to the church full ſtately pranc'd,
And firmly ſtood his ground.

XIII.

Full firm he ſtood---but ſtood not long;
For plain it was to ſee,
That all the burden of the ſong
Was "Wilkes and Liberty."

XIV.

Then did he make a courtly bow
His hand ſpread o'er his breaſt,
And cried "Some other time—not now;"
—And ſo ſneak'd home to reſt.

XV.

O then the bells did ſweetly ring.
St. Bride's the bells I mean:—
So God preſerve our gracious king,
And God preſerve the queen:

XVI.

XVI.

And grant henceforth we oft-times ſee,
Such days as this return ;
When every freeborn Weight, with me,
For Liberty ſhall burn.

EXTEMPORE on the report that a certain unpopular baronet would be advanced to the peerage.

IN former times, (but heaven be prais'd
We've no ſuch doings now ;)
Some men to peerages were rais'd,
The world knew why and how.

The modern method is to ſink
Contempt in one ſhort word,
For when a name begins to ſtink,
We call the thing a—Lord.

A favourite toaſt, in many companies, by way of contraſt to the three Johns, is, The three Tools, Proctor, Dingley, and Lutterell.

An honeſt Yorkſhireman, who made a journey to London, concluded a letter to a woman of Kent in the following terms ; --- " Hard times! a patriot king, but a committee all in the wrong, and London cuckolds making much-ado about nothing : however, all's

all's well that ends well; I hope we ſhall at length ſee virtue prevail, and Wilkes prove the deliverer of his country."

Theatrico-political Intelligence Extraordinary.

AT the large Theatrical-booth the Butt end of Brentford, on Thurſday, April the 13th, 1769, will be given gratis, by a company from London.

A new tragi-comic-operatic Burletta, of two acts, call'd,

THE CANDIDATES.

Sir Toby Bluſter, by Mr. O'Lutter;
Sir Timothy Bubble, by Mr. Sawmill.

End of act I. Mr. O'Lutter will introduce

The IRISH HOWL:

Chorus of Bullies, --Murdoch O'Flaharty, Dermot O' Connoghan, Patrick O' Donnel, Blaney Macklachlen, Phelim O' Cutter, &c. &c. &c.

A new air, called The Forſaken Maid, will alſo be introduced by Miſs Arabel;
Jack Standfaſt, by Mr. Sawbridge;
Jack Hearty, by Mr. Parſon.

And the whole to conclude with the old tune of Britos ſtrike Home, new ſet to muſic by Jack Freeborn; to be ſung by Jack Townly, accompanied by three thouſand Freeholders of Middleſex.

By desire of several persons of distinction.
For the
BENEFIT of a DISTRESSED MINISTRY,
At the Theatre in Brentford,
On Thursday, the 13th of April,
Will be performed
A Tragic Comic Farce, called
The ELECTION,
Being the fourth Time this Season.
Colonel BULLY,
(with a Song in Character) by Mr. L——
Being his first appearance on that Stage.
LIBERTY, by Mr. T——D.
N. B. This character was to be performed by a Gentleman in the King's Bench, who is engaged with Company at a house on that day, and therefore cannot attend.
Drawcansir, by Mr. R——.
Freemen, by Mr. S--B--GE.
Kill'em, by Mr. GLYSTER.
Messengers, Spies, Pimps, &c.
The PROLOGUE will be spoken by a CLERGYMAN in a White Sheet,
In the Character of CLARKE's Ghost.
The Candles will be snuffed by Mr. O'Dingle, who will be allowed to sell Oranges during the Performance; and the Stage swept by several Gentlemen in-cog who have kindly offered their assistance for that purpose.

At

At the End of the Firſt Act, Mr. Stoneyfiſt, will play a Hornpipe on the Salt Box, which will be danced by Mr. O'Dingle, in the character of a Miller.

To which, by Deſire, will be added,

An Entertainment, under the Direction of Mr. I---AM, called

KILLING NO MURDER.

Being the Second Time of Performance:

The Principal Parts by

Meſſ. L---B---F, M'Q---K, and Others.

With ſeveral Entertainments of Hopping, Dancing, and Tumbling, as will be expreſſed in the Bills of the Day.

With a Funeral Proceſſion, in Imitation of that in Romeo and Juliet, in which an Anthem will be performed by Ten Surgeons from the Old Bailey, ſet to muſic by Mr. FOOT; and afterwards the dead March in Saul.

To conclude with an EPILOGUE, wrote by Lord R——D,

And ſpoke by Mr. B——D,

In the Character of An Examining Surgeon.

The Doors to be opened at 9, and to begin exactly at 10 o'Clock.

Vivant REX & REGINA.

The ſon of a perſon of quality (not more than nine years old) being aſked in publick company, if he underſtood the meaning of li-

berty being always repreſented with a cap, humorouſly anſwered " yes very well---it is to defend her poor head from the ſtrokes of the bludgeons."

PARODY on CATO. Act. I.

Scene BRENTFORD.

Enter the FREEHOLDERS.

Firſt Freeholder.

THE waining night declines; Aurora comes
And bright'ning Phœbus uſhers in the day
The great, th' important day! big with the fate
Of Freedom and of Wilkes.---Our Patriot's death
Would fill the meaſure of our country's woes,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood!------Already Brentford
Has felt the weight of miniſterial pow'r,
And trembled at the rage of P——'s mob;
Should L——l do more, the country's friends
Could ſcarce ſuſtain the ſhock!--Gods, what confuſion
Theſe M------rs have made among your works!

Second Freeholder.

How canſt thou talk thus calmly of our ruin?
I'm e'en to madneſs ſtung when I reflect
On our ſunkſt ate!——upon the vile endeavours
That have been us'd to ſmuggle an election!
Methinks

Methinks, again I ſee the hired band,
(In their hats freedom—ſlav'ry in their hearts)
Wounding and trampling on defenceleſs paſ-
ſengers,
Their bludgeons reeking with the Blood of
Britons!
—Oh! my friends, is there not yet ſome gal-
lant ſpirits left
Full of the virtues of their great forefathers,
Who will with equal force repel this outrage,
And baffle ev'ry------l meaſure?——

Firſt Freeholder.

I hope there are——the cauſe deſerves ſuch
friends——
How does the luſtre of our patriot's conduct,
Thro' the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out and burn with more triumphant
brightneſs!
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, freedom, and his country!
His pen ſtill probes the m------l tool,
Draws all his powerful eloquence upon 'em!

Second Freeholder.

This the world owns—and yet what can he do
Againſt a baſe, a treacherous ſet of minions,
Who feel no pleaſure but in freedom's groans?
Pent in priſon, (thoʿ ſtill unſubdu'd)
While he is wanted in the Britiſh ſenate,
How can we hope an honeſt, faithful mem-
ber?

By heav'n, ſuch virtues join'd with ſuch ſucceſs
Diſtract my very ſoul! —Our patriot's fortune
Wou'd—almoſt—tempt us to renounce his precepts!

First Freeholder.

With you, my friend, I mourn our country's fate!
But tho' the ways of m——rs are intricate—
Tho' they're perplexing—fraught with num'rous errors;
Haply, at length one-----ſhall know his friends,
Baniſh oppreſſion, and give peace to Britain,

EXTEMPORE.

WE Middleſex men will our Wilkes have again,
His conduct we warmly admire;
And Luttrell ſhall know that we dare to do ſo,
Elſe the ſon may prove falſe as the fire

A Freeholder.

THough Luttrell thou on my weak heart,
Haſt made a faint reproach;
Yet heav'n at length may take my part,
——Beware of captain Roche.

Arabella Bolton.

Form

Form of a GRAND PROCESSION to BRENTFORD, as intended to be made on Thurſday next.

On the ſide of Freedom.

The preſent worthy lord mayor's muſic, playing Handle's favourite air on Liberty, and Britons never will be ſlaves.

45 Freeholders, with ſtandards of blue ſilk inſcribed WILKES, the Champion of the People.

Two Printers.

Two patriots:—Sawbridge and Townſhend.

Mr. Wilkes's ſolicitor.—Mr' Reynolds.

Capt. Allen—by proxy.

The ghoſts of Clarke and Hoſkins.

8000 inſtructing liverymen.

Another Band of Muſic.

The publiſher of the Chronicle of Liberty.

The maſter of the London Tavern.

The Reverend Mr. Horne

45 independent gentlemen.

Sir Joſeph Mawbey, bearing a copy of the Bill of Rights.

2950 Freeholders, with Freedcm in their hearts, and blue cockades in their hats ſtamped Bill of Rights, and Magna Charta in letters of gold.

45 Thouſand of his Majeſty's loyal ſubjects.

On

On the ſide of Slavery.

Nine Scotch bagpipes, playing the Flowers of Edinburgh, and Tickle me Sawney.

12 Placemen, with flags of Scotch plaid, inſcribed L——ll, the tune of the M—

Two Evidences.

Two Tools--- Proctor and Dingley.

The ſollicitor to the T——y——Mr. Nuttall.

Captain Murray of the third regiment.

Two bullies——Balf and Mac Quirk.

800 addreſſing merchants, Jews, pedlars, and pickpockets.

Another band of blackguards.

The printer of the Ledger——of ſlavery.

The marſhal of the King's Bench.

The amorous Mr. Luttrell.

9 independent penſioners.

Mr. Boehm, bearing a copy of the ſ—— addreſs.

50 cowardly freeholders, who are aſhamed or afraid of aſſerting their own independence.

45 Dozen of the loweſt and meaneſt of all human creatures.

Free

Free Tranſlation of Latin Verſes in the Middleſex Journal.

THIS Chronicle ſhall riſe in fame,
Which bears ,O Middleſex! thy name;
Which our moſt ſacred right defends,
And boaſts of Freemen for its friends:
Which ſcourges m——tools,
And wages war with knaves and fools;
Which ſtill aſſerts our votes are free,
And aids the cauſe of Liberty.
Which bids inſtructers ſtill endite,
But hates whate'er addreſſers write;
Tho' many a merchant, many a weaver,
And many a butcher with his cleaver,
Through ſhow'rs of dirt, their way ſhou'd preſs,
To flatter —— with their addreſs.
While freeholders ſuch votes deſpiſe,
And laugh at packets filled with lies;
While Wilkes's cauſe inflames each breaſt,
Wilkes, ſtill unconquer'd, tho' oppreſs'd.
Proceed ye writers, aid the cauſe
Of freedom built on Britiſh laws.
Reign long and happy, king and queen,
(A worthier pair were never ſeen!)
O George, our batter'd rights protect;
So ſhall thy people ne'er neglect
All homage due: but from thee drive,
Whoe'er on freedom's vitals thrive!

Spurn,

Spurn, ſpurn, ſuch worthleſs minions from thy throne,
And take the people's hearts, for they are all thy own.

To Henry Lawes Luttrell, Fſq;

YOUR accepting a place is a curſed diſgrace;
A place that is not worth a pin.
But the Middleſex voters will ne'er be promoters
Of a thing that lord B——has brought in.

BOSSINEY.

It has been lately obſerved, that Roach--es are among the moſt common, and Wilke-s among the ſcarceſt fiſh that ſwim.

The Thrush's Petition.

NAture to fix ſhort days was bound,
When the world's plan ſhe drew;
Too brief th' allotted time ſhe found,
To give perfection due——

Bird, beaſt, and fiſh—each creature ſhews
Some mark of ſenſe and wit;
But ſpeechleſs all, till Æſop roſe
Ordain'd their tongues to flit——

Since

Since then, from ev'ry beaſt and bird,
  The pureſt morals fall;
The wiſeſt ſermons too were heard,
  ——Wou'd biſhops preach'd as well!

And hence our gracious k——— to greet,
  As children ſay—" your ta"
The Eſſex calves were heard to bleat,
  In chorus of ba-ba,

Hence each freeholder of the buſh,
  The royal mercy begs
To ſave, like Balf and Quirk, the Thruſh,
  And give her back her eggs———

EXTEMPORE.

GReat is the man, and great is his reward,
  Who pays deſpotic rulers no regard;
But wide expands the ſpirit to be free,
And perſeveres in glorious Liberty;
On him at once both heaven and earth ſhall ſmile,
All hail to Wilkes!--the Cato of our iſle.

A gentleman in the intereſt of Mr. Wilkes yeſterday, ſtanding in the yard belonging to the Three Pigeons Brentford, which leads to the Butts, ſaid to his companions, "We muſt ſecure this paſs, againſt the treachery of a Luttrell."

On

On reading ſome Verſes in which Mr. WILKES is compared to CATO.

YES!—Wilkes, like Cato, honor's teſt has ſtood,
And nobly ventures for his country's good;
But while he combats miniſterial ſtate,
Forbid, oh, heav'n, he ſhare a Cato's fate!

Z

The following, written in a fair large hand, was poſted on the door of the pariſh church of Stepney, called St. Dunſtan's in the Eaſt: —"The prayers of this congregation are deſired, to deprecate the wrath of God, and to implore him to continue to us the ineſtimable bleſſing of civil and natural liberty pure and undefiled from the attempts of a profligate and arbitrary adminiſtration."

On Thurſday the 13th of April, 1769, on ſeeing 32 coaches at colonel Luttrell's door, a noble lord ſaid, "here are coaches enough, but they may remain all day before the paſſengers appear.

During the poll at Brentford, colonel Bully declared, to his intimate acquaintance, that a great number of his voters had been ſeized with the gout, ſince ſix o'clock on the morning of election. Riſum teneatis, amici!

The

The following is taken from the Middlesex Journal.

Freeholders of Middlesex!
Freeholders of every other County!
Liverymen of the city of London!
Members of every other Corporation!
Inhabitants of every Borough!
ALL
Who love the King, reverence the Laws,
And have any Sense
Of the Inestimable Value
Of our natural, civil, and religious Rights,
As Men, Britains, and Christians,
Unite immediately
For the deliverance of your much injured Country:
Which,
(But for the Blessing of Almighty God)
On your joint and vigorous interposition
Must be ruined beyond redemption
YE ARE THE FOUNTAIN OF POWER.
And though ye have entrusted your Power with others.
It is entrusted only
As a Sacred Deposit;
And may be most justly resumed.
When it is wantonly and wickedly exerted
For your Destruction.
The Principles of the Glorious Revolution,
THE BILL OF RIGHTS

(One materialPart of which is expresly founded on this Article of Tyranny---"the violating the Freedom of Elections of Members to serve in Parliament")

The sole ground of the succession to theRoyal Trust in the Illustrious House of Hanover,

The spirit of the Laws,

And the whole form and strength of the Constitution,

Are all on your side;

And your present and only Enemies

Are the traiterous Enemies of all these.

THEREFORE,

For the King upon the Throne;

For the Laws,

To which their King,

And all his faithful Subjects, are reciprocally

Bound to yield Obedience;

For your Rights and Privileges,

Which God requires you to transmit

Faithfully to your Posterity;

NOW

In the present mostinjurious and alarming crisis

MAINTAIN

Calmly, nobly, and effectually

The Majesty and authority of

The People.

Sunday, April 16, 1769, the day of the deepest disgrace to the annals of this nation.

On

On hearing that a Gentleman of Humour had lately furniſhed a certain Out-houſe in his Garden with a great Number of the late preſented Addreſſes.

YE baſe-born ſycophants, yet witleſs things!
Who dare with lies approach the beſt of kings;
Who ſwear content and heav'n-born freedom ſmile,
While triſtful murm'rings rend Britania's iſle;
Whoſe ſlaviſh minds alone are baſely bent
On places, penſions, poſts, and cent, per cent
See! Genius' ſelf your true deſerts explores,--
And with addreſſes Cloacina ſtores!

In a few Days will be publiſhed the following New Books.

THE True Patriot; by John Wilkes, Eſq; dedicated to the freeholders of Middleſex.

The Complete Letter Writer; by Meſſrs. Weymouth and Barrington

The City addreſs, a Farce; by E Boehm and company.

Abſtracts of the Laws reſpecting juries; by Mr, Bromfield; with a Supplement by Dale Ingram.

An Eſſay on Libels; by Sir Richard Glyn.

Seduction, a Poem; by Colonel Luttrell.

The Forſaken Maid; by Miſs bolton.

A *New* Book of Arithmetic; by the-------- of--------.

The Retort; by the freeholders of Middleſex,

Stanzas ſacred to Slavery; by Hugh O'Kelly

The Bloody Regiſter, No. 1; by Meſſrs. Gillam, Capel and company.

The Rover or baniſhed Cavalier; by Lord Bute.

The following Liſt of Orators are toaſted by the Luttrellites.

Onſlow	Auberry
Sir Alexander Gilmour.	Stephen Fox
Lord Clare	Jeremiah Dyſon
Jenkenſon	Thurlow
Attorney General	Sir Francis Norton
Lord North	Rigby

The Orators on the Side of Liberty, whoſe Healths are drank, are

R. Payne	Edmund Burke
Beckford	George Grenville
Col. Barre	Sir William Meredith
Thomas Townſend	Conſtantine J. Phipps
Cornwall	Sir George Saville
Sejeant Glynn	Dowdeſwell
James Townſend	Sawbridge

The

The Coventry Addreſs having cauſed much talk, on account of their compliments to the gentlemen Supporters of the Bill of Rights, the following two anecdotes may ſerve to ſhew, that this is not the firſt time that loyal Corporation hath made a figure in Addreſſes.

WHEN queen Elizabeth, in her progreſs through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addreſſed her Majeſty in rhyme, in the following words;

We men of Coventry,
Are very glad to ſee
Your Royal Majeſty!
Good Lord, how fair you be!

To which her Majeſty returned the following gracious anſwer;

My Royal Majeſty
Is very glad to ſee
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what f- -s ye be!

The next anecdote is, that in a ſecond tour through England, ſoon after the defeat of the Spaniſh Armada, the queen paid the aforeſaid city another viſit: Mr. Mayor, on her Majeſty's departure, among other particulars, ſaid,

"When the king of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear." The queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

The most favourite toast now is, "Long life to liberty, instant death to slavery, and a deep consumption to all the abettors of the latter."

The art of poisoning in the time of the emperor Tiberius, was certainly very dexterous; for the life of a man depended on opening a letter sent him; so subtle and malignant was the infection; but the mandate of a prime minister now adays contained in a letter, operates in a different way, but with abundantly greater calamity, because it poisons thousands.

EXTEMPORE.

On seeing a Pardon for Mac Quirk in the Papers.

A Pardon fortune gives Mac Quirk,
For dirty ministerial work,
For riot and for murder;
While she two years a Wilkes confines,

Who

Who wrote a few ſharp pointed lines
Say, what can fortune further?
Miſtaken Wilkes! who did not know,
Before he ſtruck the galling blow,
Which knaves have took in dudgeon,
(He knows it now, but knew not then)
More dang'rous 'tis to laſh with pen,
Than murder with a bludgeon. L.

EXTEMPORE.

On three Brewers voting for a late Expulſion.

WHEN men their votes thus proſtitute,
And ſwear that black is white Sir,
And join with H--l--d, tool to Bute,
To rail at Bill of Rights, Sir,
Drink not a drop of Calvert's butt;
Proclaim at ev'ry ale houſe,
That you will never ſet a foot
In Whitebread's or in Thrale's houſe. O.

Several patriotic gentlemen have reſolved never to conſent to their ſons or daughters marrying into any but patriotic families, that their blood may flow uncontaminated by venal connections.

A lady of high rank being aſked, what ſhe thought of the preſent miniſtry, replied, "I am no judge of ſuch things."

It

It is ſaid that the affairs of this kingdom were ſo admirably adjuſted at the laſt meeting at Newmarket, that there will be no material changes in the miniſtry till the April meeting at the ſame place.

From the Middleſex Journal.

Extract from Mr. Thompſon's Poem on Liberty inſcribed to his late Royal Highneſs Frederic Prince of Wales.

UNLESS corruption firſt deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the freeborn ſoul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain:
For firm within, and while at heart untouched,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But ſoon as independance ſtoops the head,
To vice enſlav'd, and vice-created wants;
Then to ſome foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
Theſe highten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
From man to man the ſlack'ning ruin runs,
Till the whole ſtate unnerv'd in ſlavery ſinks.

In conſequence of a late conſtitutional deciſion, a great number of the friends of adminiſtration had a moſt ſumptuous entertainment, at a cook's ſhop in Broad St. Giles's: it conſiſted of roaſt clods of beef, ſtewed ſheep's heads

heads ſtuffed, fry'd hogs chitterlings, broiled black puddings, and baked faggots.-----The knives and forks were chained to the table; and after dinner the following toaſts were drank in the very beſt ten ſhilling ſmall beer.

The Duke of Grafton, Mr. Bromfield, Mr. M'Quirk, Mr. Tateham, Mr. Broughton, and Mr. Balfe, Mr. O'Murphy, Mr. O'Kelly, and Jack Ketch, Lord Mansfield, Col. Luttrell, and the Devil.

The following Inſcription is intended to be engraved on a Table of Marble, and fiixed againſt the Treaſury, as an Index to the Hiſtory of the preſent Times, for the Advantage of Poſterity.

The former Part of it is inſcribed to his Grace the Duke of G------; the latter to the Rev. Mr. Horn.

INSCRIPTION.

----Pauperiem metuens potiore Metallis Libertate caret HOR.

French, Dutch, and Portugueze;
Strangers to conſtitutional Liberty!
with a few Engliſh; betrayers of it!
Signed an addreſs,
of our paſſive obedience,
in an abject ſtate of ſlavery!

Ex-

Expreſſive-----!
By Meſſrs. Dingley and Boehm, (venal dependants on a profligate miniſtry)
the 22d day of March, 1769,
With much Form, Fineſſe, and Adulation,
it was preſented to the King.
To the ſovereign, a Deception!
To Engliſhmen, an Inſult?
To the ſubſcribers, indelible Infamy!
The Electors of Middleſex,
for public Virtue, and Diſintereſtednes renown'd;
to ſupport theſe glorious Characteriſtics,
and the freedom of their Countrymen;
to undeceive their Sovereign,
and reſtore peace to the whole land:
Fired with indignation againſt the alien teachers of arbitrary Doctrine;
the 17th day of April, 1769,
nominated a Committee,
to draw up a Petition,
For preſentment to the throne.
The Petition,
containing a long Liſt
of Grievances,
Infringements,
Inovations,
and Apprehenſions,
with modeſty, Senſe, and Energy expreſſed,
was ſubmitted to theFreeholders,

at

at a general Meeting
the 27th Day of April, 1766;
and by them unanimouſly approved,
ſubſcribed,
and ordered to be
preſented.
May the King of Kings
diſpoſe our beloved Monarch
to liſten to the faithfulneſs of his ſubjects,
and attend to the dictates
of Nature, Reaſon,
and the Law of Right

April 28, 1769. CURTIUS.

There is a great man who has the firſt department at a board, whence the public money iſſues, who having purchaſed all the ground about Hayhill, thereby ſignifies that he loves to make hay while the ſun ſhines.

A few evenings ſince ſome gentlemen diſputing on the fruitfulneſs of the different counties in England, one of them inſiſted that Middleſex was juſtly intitled to the precedence "for there (ſaid he) the ſacred tree of Liberty is cultivated with more ſucceſs than in any county throughout the world."

AT the theatre in Weſtminſter on Monday next will be performed the ſecond part of a Tragi-Comedy, called the Election. It is

is thought there will be a very full house, and a great part of the audience are expected to hiss; however the piece will certainly take, as the managers intend placing a majority of their dependants in different parts of the house, who will have strict orders, to clap, and cram it down the throats of the public, whether they will or not.

"NOT claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,----
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of heav'n,
Can authorize oppression; give a law
For lawless pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule; or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice---- Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our Rights
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper!"

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

HONEST, upright, gen'rous, just,
O-pen, faithful to his trust;
R-ighteous, more than bishops are;
N-ever cealing in his care:
E-ngland's foes had best beware! X.

FINIS